

The Roots Of My Raising

Merle Haggard

I left the four lane highway took a blacktop seven miles
Down by the old country school I went to as a child
Two miles down a gravel road I could see the proud old home
A tribute to a way of life that's almost come and gone.

The roots of my raising run deep
I come back for the strength that I need
And hope comes no matter how far down
I sink the roots of my raising run deep.

I pulled into the driveway Lord it sure was good to be there
And through the open door I could see that dad was asleep in his favorite chair
In his hand was a picture of mom and I remembered how close they were
So I just turned away I didn't want to wake him spoil his dreams of her.

A christian Mom who had the strength for life the way she did
Then to pull that apron off and do the Charleston for us kids
Dad a quiet man who's gentle voice was seldom heard
Who could borrow money at the bank simply on his word.

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